

Who Stole the Pig ?

There lived in the parish of Auldearn, in the good old time, when the good old customs flourished, a rather near-going carle, whose sympathy with the customs of the day was of a kind not altogether unknown in the present day—namely, he “liked to tak’ but no to gie.” Saunders was about to kill a well-fed pig, which, according to his calculation, would satisfy his own porky desires for a considerable time to come; but if he conformed to the custom of giving this neighbor a nice bit, and that neighbor a better bit, his well-fed pig would soon disappear. Saunders, therefore, thought he would take advice on the matter, and accordingly consulted a clever, or rather a wide-awake neighbor, who advised Saunders to kill the pig forthwith, and let everybody know that he was going to do so, and, added his counsellor, “Ye can bing it in the outhouse a’ nicht, an’ in the morning say somebody ran awa’ wi’ through the nicht.” This sage advice was accordingly adopted. On the following morning Saunders was up betimes and proceeded to the outhouse to remove the pig, when lo! to the utter horror and bewilderment of Saunders, his grumpship was nowhere to be seen. As his counsellor duly appeared, Saunders, with a long and rueful countenance, thus broke forth—“It’s awa’!” “Ay, Saunders,” replied the counsellor, “just say ye that.” “But,” replied Saunders, “it is really awa’, an’ I dinna ken whaur it’s gane tae.” “The very thing, Saunders,” said the adviser, “the very thing; stick to that, an’ folk will be sure to believe you.”

Changed by a Compliment.

Count Jaubert was wonderfully happy at repartee, and in his sallies was utterly indifferent as to whether it was a friend or an enemy who suffered. If, however, he happened to compromise himself, he had a happy knack of setting himself right in a moment. On one occasion, having been highly displeased with Marshal Soult, he made the illustrious soldier the butt of innumerable epigrams. The marshal, hearing of this at one of Louis Philippe’s receptions, turned his back upon the count just as he was stepping forward to salute him, some thirty gentlemen being present.

“Monsieur le Marechal,” said Count Jaubert, with the utmost *sang-froid*, “I have been told you do not look upon me as one of your friends. I’m delighted to find that there is no ground for the rumor.”

“How so, monsieur?”

“Because,” replied the count, “you are not in the habit of turning your back to the enemy.”

The marshal, it is perhaps needless to say, at once held out his hand to Count Jaubert.

A Non-Committal Man Rewarded.

On one of Capt. Morgan’s voyages from America to England, he had under his care a very attractive young lady, who speedily distinguished herself by reducing five young gentlemen to the verge of distraction. She was quite ready to marry one; but what could she do with five? In the embarrassment of her riches she sought the captain, who, after a minute’s thought, said,—

“It’s a fine, calm day; suppose by accident you should fall overboard; I’ll have a boat lowered to pick you up, and you can take the man who loves you well enough to jump after you.”

This novel proposition met the lady’s views, and the programme was accordingly carried out, with the trifling exception that four of the young men took the plunge, and, being picked up by the boat, presented themselves, a dripping quartette, on the deck of the ship. The object of their undampened ardor, no less wet than themselves, fled to her room and sent for the captain.

“Now, captain,” cried she in despair, “what am I to do?”

“Ah, my dear,” replied the captain, “if you want a sensible husband, just take the dry one”—which she did.

A woman may offer in excuse for her red nose that she laces too tightly, but what shall a man say?—*Exchange*. O, he can offer the same excuse. He also gets too “tightly” by so lacing himself.

CHILDREN’S CORNER.

“The Boy Who Would Sit Up.”

He would sit up, he would sit up
No matter what any one said :
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.
Crows might wing their latest flight,
Sparrows cheep the world “Good-night,”
And the sun in western skies
Hide ‘neath quilts of gorgeous dyes,
Yet the sor of whom we tell,
At hint of bed-time, would rebel,
For he would sit up, he would sit up,
No matter what any one said ;
This sad little, bad little, mad little boy
Objected to go to bed.

Tick! tock! the kitchen-clock
Is busy counting *nine*,
The sand-man says: “Were all like you,
My job I would resign.”
The crickets chirp, and seem to say :
“This sitting up is jolly—hey?”
The fire is fading by degrees,
The moon peeps in, and hints: “You’ll freeze,
You silly boy. What pranks are these?
It’s cold enough to make me sneeze.”
Mice are scampering up and down
The pantry shelves, no puss to frown.

Tick! tock! *Twelve, one, then two!*
That boy’s awake. His nose is blue,
His hands are red, his eyes the same;
The lamp burns with a feeble flame,
And e’en the crickets go to sleep,
When hist! a voice that makes them creep,
So ghostly, ‘tis so loud and deep.

“Tu-whit! Tu-who!”
Now who are you,
Queer little chap, with nose so blue?
Say can’t you see
That night’s for me?”
The frightened urchin screams “Boo-hoo!”
And, looking round, he spies an owl
Perched at his elbow.

Such a foul
Proceeding drives his wits away
He doesn’t have a word to say;
But his companion, wise, says he :
“I’m glad I’ve such good company.
Inquisitiveness though I hate,
Pray what has kept you up so late?
What, never shall again? Good-night!”
The trembling boy yells with affright,
And, scampering to his cosy bed,
In muffled tones—quilts round his head—
“No more late hours for me!” he said.

Now, he won’t sit up, he won’t sit up ;
“Though owls are fine,” says he,
“Yet to have one to talk to, all by yourself,
Is stupid company.”
—Independent.

She Will Need Them no More.

Some days since a man noticed a ragged little boot-black culling some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a chamber window into the alley. “What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?” asked the disseminator; “Nawthing,” was the lad’s reply, as he kept on at his work. “But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?” “I s’pose that’s my bizness, an’ sure none o’ yours.”

“Oh, certainly, but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?” “Sell ‘em! who wants to sell ‘em? I’m going to take ‘em to Lil.” “Oh, oh! Lil’s your sweetheart